

COVERATED

A person wearing a dark jacket, a cap, and gloves is crouching behind a black metal fence. They are holding a white security camera in their hands. The fence is made of vertical bars. In the background, there are tall grasses and trees with some autumn-colored leaves. The sky is visible through the fence. The overall scene suggests a security or surveillance context.

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MAXICE

THE INCIDENT REPORT

“It’s coming for sure...”. Famous last words, but what happens when you need to shit and the panel might be on the way? Do you rinse one on the platform? What about running upstairs and chance missing it. These are the types of difficult decisions a writer must make but what happens when the train never comes? Are you determined to suffer? Are you down to live in a parking lot?





By dint of filming graffiti on trains, I gradually drifted from being a spotter or urbexer to becoming a street photographer, or rather a metro station photographer. It has to be said that Paris is a permanent fashion show, a brewery of perfumed luxury and crack-addled vinasse. It's always just as distracting to watch out for the latest colors in motion, to run all the lines at rush hour; just to bring back as many souvenirs as possible of a bubbling ephemeral subculture. I feel less and less like a UFO with my full-frame camera, although more and more I'm enjoying shooting travelers, tourists and subway weirdos.

Waiting for ghost cars for hours on end makes for scenes worthy of the finest films. I've begun to anticipate synchronies between a piece that's moving and a person in the frame. It's during these electric seconds, when the door alarm sounds, that I take a malicious pleasure in capturing an imprisoned gaze.





